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## THE ROMANCE OF RACE.

By GRANT ALLEN.

LET us begin, like a wise preacher, with a personal anecdote. It happened to me once, many years since, to be taking a class in logic in a West Indian college. The author of our text-book had just learnedly explained to us that personal proper names had no real connotation. "Nevertheless," he went on, "they may sometimes enable us to draw certain true inferences. For instance, if we meet a man of the name of John Smith, we shall at least be justified in concluding that he is a Teuton." Now, as it happened, that class contained a John Smith; and as I read those words aloud, he looked up in my face with the expansive smile of no Teutonic forefathers; for *this* John Smith was a full-blooded negro. So much for the pitfalls of ethnological generalization!

Nevertheless, similar conclusions on a very large scale are often drawn on grounds as palpably insufficient as those of my logician. Facts of language and facts of race are mixed up with one another in most admired disorder. If people happen to speak an "Aryan" tongue, we dub them Aryans. We take it for granted one man is a Scot merely because he is called Macpherson or Gillespie; we take it for granted another is an Irishman on no better evidence than because his name is Paddy O'Sullivan. Yet a survey of some such delusive examples will suffice to show that all is not Celtic that speaks with a brogue, nor all Chinese that wears a pigtail.

Some familiar instances of outlying linguistic or ethnical islands, so to speak—little oases of one speech or blood or religion in the desert of another—will serve to lead up to the curious romances of ethnology and philology which I mean to huddle loosely together in this article.

Everybody is familiar, of course, with such stories as that of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, who founded the colony on Pitcairn's Island, where a little community, about one-quarter British and three-quarters Polynesian, preserved the English language and the Christian religion for

many years without the slightest intercourse with the outer world. Equally significant in their way are the belated islands of Celticism in America, such as the Highlanders of Glengarry, in Canada, who migrated in a mass, and who still speak no tongue but Gaelic; or the Glamorganshire Welsh of the Pennsylvanian mining districts, who inhabit whole villages where Cymric is now the universal language. Again, we may take as typical examples of such insulation in the matter of religion the Abyssinian Christians, almost entirely cut off for centuries from the rest of Christendom by the intrusive belt of Nubian and Egyptian Islam. Who does not know, once more, that strange outlying church, the Christians of St. Thomas, whom the early Portuguese navigators found still surviving on the Malabar Coast in India? Though believing themselves to derive their Christianity from the preaching of St. Thomas, these native sectaries are really a branch of the Nestorian Church of Persia—a distant scion of the Patriarchate of Babylon. Founded in the sixth century, their sect was recruited by successive flights of refugees from the revived Zoroastrianism of that date, and the triumphant Mohammedanism of succeeding generations. Their sacred language is even now Syriac. Or, finally, may we not take the racial islands, like the ancient Basque nationality in France and Spain, the Black Celts of Ireland and Scotland, and the Germans of Transylvania? side by side with whom we may place the scattered and intermixed races, like the Jews and the Gypsies, who still preserve some relics of their ancient tongues, while speaking in each country the language of the inhabitants. It will be clear at once from so rapid a survey of these few familiar instances that a map of the world, colored by race, by speech, or by religion, would be dotted all over with insulated colonies, as quaint and suggestive in their way as that of the mutineers of the *Bounty*.

Consider, as one striking and well-known example, the curious history of the Parsees, earlier pilgrim fathers of an Oriental *Mayflower*, who fled eastward and southward before the face of Islam in Persia to the west coast of India. Their very name means Persians. They are the remnant of the ancient Zoroastrian religion, followers of that shadowy and doubtful prophet, whose very existence has been called in question by the scepticism of our century. But whether or not there was ever a Zoroaster, certain it is, at least, that Zoroastrianism flourished in Irania, from Tibet to the Tigris, at the time of Alexander; and that it declined before the fashionable Hellenism of the Selucidæ, or, later, of the Par-

thian and Græco-Bactrian kings. Gradually, however, the Hellenic influence in inner Asia "petered out," as an American miner would say, for lack of fresh Greek blood, till at last hardly anything tangible was left of it save Greek names in Greek letters on coins of barbaric kings. Then a native dynasty, that of the Sassanians, upset the last of the half-Hellenized Arsacidæ, and the Zoroastrian faith, which had lingered on among the people, became, at the beginning of the third century after Christ, the established religion. The Magi had things all their own way, and persecuted Greek thought with the zeal of inquisitors. For four hundred years the creed of the Zend-Avesta held sway in Iran, till the Caliph Omar bore down upon the land with his victorious Mohammedans. The mass of the population were "converted" *en bloc* by the usual argument of Islam at the battle of Nahavand; and the faithful remnant, who declined to accept the creed of the Prophet at the point of the sword, fled as best they might to the desert of Khorassan. A few thousand persecuted and despised Zoroastrians, known as Guebres, still linger on in the dominions of the Shah; but the greater part of the incorruptible took ship to India, where they settled for the most part in the neighborhood of Bombay and the other trading towns of the western coast. As they never intermarry with Hindus or Mohammedans, they still remain pure, both in race and religion, and can not be regarded as in any sense representative of the people of India. Their sacred language is still the Zend of the Avesta, and their fire worship is as pronounced as when they fled from Persia.

These historic examples are familiar to most of us. Far more interesting, however, are the prehistoric facts of similar implication, which are known to few save the students of ethnology. It is not everybody, for instance, who is aware that the language of Madagascar is not African at all, but a pure Malayan dialect. The ruling race of the island (till France displaced them) were the very unnegrolike Malayan Hovas. Now, the Malays in their day were the Greeks or the English of the Indian Ocean. Just as the Hellenic race annexed the Mediterranean, turning the inland sea with their colonies into a "Greek lake" (as Curtius calls it), and just as the "Anglo-Saxon" race annexed the Atlantic and the Pacific, colonizing the United States, Canada, South Africa, and Australasia, so did the Malays annex the Indian Ocean, penetrating every part of it in their light pirate craft, and settling where they would among subject populations. They may be compared with the Phœnicians in the

earlier world as pioneers of navigation among the far-eastern islands. The aboriginal people of Madagascar, again, were apparently not African at all, but members of the still more ancient Melanesian race, which is scattered in little groups over so many parts of the Pacific and the Malay Archipelago. This race apparently spoke already, at an early date, the common Malayo-Polynesian tongue—that widespread speech which, as we now know, forms the basis of all the dialects in use from Madagascar itself, right across Java, New Zealand, and Melanesia, to the Sandwich Islands and the very shores of America. And, what is odder still, the Malagasy dialect of the present day approaches nearest to that of the Philippines and of Easter Island. In other words, at these immense distances relics of an ancient common language survive, which elsewhere has undergone specialization and simplification into the modern Malay of Java and its neighborhood. It is almost as though somewhere, among scattered villages in Portugal and Roumania, people were still speaking tolerably pure Ciceronian Latin, which elsewhere had glided by imperceptible degrees into French and Spanish, Italian and Provengal.

The lowest and oldest layer of the Malagasy population thus probably consists of black, woolly-haired Melanesians; above it come true yellow-brown Malayan immigrations, the last of which is apparently that of the dominant Hovas. These two have intermarried more or less with one another. But there is also a true negro admixture on the side nearest Africa; while the intrusive Arab has, of course, established himself along the coast line wherever he found an opening for his intrusive genius. Thus, even before Christianity and the European element came in to disturb our view, the ethnical facts of the island were tolerably mixed, and presented several problems on which I have not space to touch. But if this seems a good deal of ethnology for a single land, we must remember that Madagascar would cut up into four of England; and even in our own country the known elements of the population, Silurian, Cymric, Brigantian, Cornish, Anglian, Saxon, Norwegian, Danish, Norman, and so forth, are sufficiently numerous; while modern anthropologists would probably fight hard for an admixture of Palæolithic, Neolithic, Roman, Dacian, and Spanish elements, as well as for a trifling fraction of Jewish, Gypsy, Huguenot, and negro blood. It is a truism now to say that there is "no such thing as a pure race;" every individual, especially in civilized countries, is a meeting-place and battlefield for endless and conflicting ancestors. Our idiosyncrasy depends in the end upon the proportion of each which comes out victor in the formation of our character.

Take the single kingdom of Scotland alone. Englishmen are carelessly wont to suppose there is such a thing as a Scotch temperament. Scotchmen know better. Even if we omit from the reckoning such remoter and more doubtful elements as Black Celts, and so forth, we may say, roughly speaking, that Scotland consists of six distinct nationalities—the English of the Lothians, the Welsh of Strathclyde, the Irish Scots of Argyllshire, the true Gaels of the Highlands, the Picts of the east coast, and the Scandinavians of Orkney, Caithness, and Sutherland. All these, of course, though in some places tolerably pure, are in others inextricably intermingled; while outlying islands of each, such as the Picts of Galloway, are universally recognized. The "Little England beyond Wales" in Pembrokeshire, mainly peopled by Flemings, who are English in speech among a Welsh-speaking population, forms a similar example in the southern half of our island; while, conversely, little outlaw communities of Welsh-speaking Britons are known to have held out in the eyots of the Fens for many generations against the conquering English of East Anglia and Mercia.

Take a linguistic case again. How strange it would seem to us to-day if there existed, say in Newfoundland, a colony of Anglo-Saxons, sent there by King Alfred, and speaking still the pure old Saxon tongue of King Alfred's Wessex! Yet this would exactly parallel the case of Iceland. While Danes and Swedes have modernized the ancient Scandinavian of the Sagas into the Danish and Swedish of the present day, the Icelanders still go on speaking the tongue of their forefathers pretty much as it was spoken by Rolph the Granger and Harold Hardrada; they read the Sagas in the tongue of the old singers as easily as our children can read Shakespeare and the old English Bible. Mr. Steffanson, the learned Icелander, tells me another interesting fact of the same sort. It seems the women in certain parts of Normandy still wear a peasant cap with silver ornaments identical to this day with the cap commonly worn by Icelandic women. I need hardly add that the names of Norman villages are but Frenchified corruptions of the old pirate nomenclature—"Ivo's toft" has been shortened to Ivetot, while "Hacon's home" has declined into Haconville.

On the other hand, nothing is more fallacious than the old-fashioned argument from language to kinship. It used once to be thought there was a "great Aryan race" because there were many peoples who spoke the Aryan languages. I doubt whether even Professor Max Muller him-

self really believes nowadays in Our Aryan Ancestors; certainly, for the rest of the world, that exploded old humbug has vanished into the limbo of Central Asia, whence he never came, according to our latest authorities. If he existed at all, it was probably in Scandinavia.

A race, indeed, may speak the language of another without having received any appreciable admixture of its blood; just as, for example, the pure-blooded negroes of the West Indies and the Southern States speak no language but English, Creole French, or Spanish. So, again, English has become the language of Ireland, without interfering to any large degree with the Celtic nationality of the people; indeed, writers who talk about the "Anglo-Saxon Race" in America and the colonies forget that the Anglo-Saxon who emigrates is generally either an Irishman, a Welshman, or a Highland Scot, without prejudice to the chance of his being a Cornish miner or a Celtic Yorkshireman. Through these Anglicized Celts, the English language has taken possession of North America, South Africa, and Australasia; not only is it swallowing up the French of Canada or Louisiana, the Spanish of California or New Mexico and the Dutch of the Cape, but in the New World it has blotted out the African and Indian tongues, and is assimilating in the second generation the German, Scandinavian, Russian, and Italian immigration. Your true New Englander is not a prolific father, like the German or the Irishman; and I believe myself that the proportion of Anglo-Saxondom in the America of our day has been grossly overstated. "Anglo-Celtic" is perhaps the truest description of the British nationality.

One of the greatest surprises of modern discovery in ethnical and linguistic science is similarly the overthrow of the Great Chinese Fallacy. Time was when the remote antiquity of China and Chinese civilization was an article of faith for European scholars. It was believed that the yellow man had developed his own culture, such as it is, independently for himself, in the far east of Asia. He was the pioneer in writing, in printing, and in the use of gunpowder. But now Chinese scholars have shown us, alas! that China really derived its civilization, like the rest of us, by indirect steps, from Babylonia and Egypt. M. Terrien de Lacouperie first demonstrated the fact that long before the ancestors of the Celestial race reached the middle kingdom which they now inhabit, by the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang, they lived in close contact with that ancient civilized people, the Akkadians of Babylonia. From the wise men of Akkad they learned the rudiments of their arts; and when

they set forth from Mesopotamia, a little horde of Bak tribes, on their long journey eastward, they carried with them both the early elements of Akkadian science and the words and phrases of the Akkadian language. They reached China with letters, astronomy, and arts ready made, and they have done little since but live on the traditions of their far-western ancestors. The truth is, for the eastern hemisphere at least, there is but one civilization, which began in Egypt and the Euphrates Valley, and spread in either direction, eastward to Persia, India, and China, or westward to Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, and the Atlantic.

Even the Chinese language turns out, on examination, to be just the opposite of what earlier investigators thought it. Elder philologists took it for granted that primitive tongues *must* have been monosyllabic; and since Chinese is monosyllabic, they regarded it, somewhat illogically, as therefore primitive. But Terrien de Lacouperie and Douglas have shown, on the contrary, that Chinese is really Akkadian by origin, and that it was once polysyllabic, like most other languages. Its words have been shortened by wear and tear, or by that familiar process which turns omnibus into "bus," photograph into "photo," and bicycle into "bike." It consists of words said "for short," like the common abbreviation of William into Bill, Richard into Dick, or Theodore into Theo; or rather, it has suffered by that imperceptible phonetic change which has reduced *elemosyne* to "alms," *semetipsissimus* to *meme*, and Aethelthryth to Aw-dry. In fact, it turns out that Chinese, instead of being one of the most primitive of languages, is really one of the most worn and degraded. In place of "psychology," it would content itself with *psy*, while *tel* or *pho* would do duty for "telephone."

In this case, the diffusion of a language and a culture is by simple migration, as in the well-known instances of Tyre and Carthage, Greece and Sicily, England and America. In other cases, the diffusion is rather by conquest, as in the equally well-known instances of Alexander's successors, the Roman Empire, and the Arabs in North Africa and Syria. Greek, Latin, and Arabic, with their accompanying arts, became naturalized among the subject peoples. Most often, it is the conquerors who thus impose their language on the conquered: we need go no further afield than Wales or Ireland, where the process is incomplete, and Cornwall, where it reached its termination a century ago. But sometimes it is the conquered who absorb and assimilate the conquerors: the Normans seem to have been good hands at thus losing their identity wherever they

went; for in Normandy they dropped their native Scandinavian and adopted old French, while in England again they lost their French, and in a few generations became thoroughgoing Englishmen. In Ireland, too, as an Irishman expressed it, they "inculcated Celtic habits," and gave rise to the famous saying, so often repeated, that they were "*ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores.*"

On a large scale, this absorption of the conquerors by the conquered appears to have gone on over the entire Malayo-Polynesian region. It is curious that over this wide area from Madagascar to Hawaii only one type of language is spoken by the remotest islanders, belonging to all races, and having attained the most varied degrees of culture. The black and woolly-haired Melanesians of the South Pacific Islands, the warlike Maories of New Zealand, the gentle, brown Polynesians, the yellow Mongoloid and Mohammedan people of Java, the dark and half-negro-like Malagasy of Madagascar, all speak varieties of this widely-diffused language. At one time, it was supposed that the Malays, those active Vikings of the far East, had carried their own tongue to these remote places; but then, as Mr. A. H. Keane has pointed out, Malay itself is not the most primitive, but the latest and most developed, member of the group. It answers to French rather than to Latin; it is like modern Danish rather than modern Icelandic. The truth seems to be, as Mr. Keane suggests, that the language in question is a very old one, originally belonging to the true Polynesians. Before their arrival, the Pacific isles were peopled by the low black race we call Melanesians. Many of the archipelagoes, however, were afterward conquered and colonized by the lighter and essentially Caucasian people, closely akin to our own, whom we call Polynesians. These white Polynesians intermixed and intermarried more or less with the black Melanesians, remaining relatively pure and light-colored in a few of the archipelagoes, while in others they acquired such an infusion of black blood as made them in time dark brown or copper-colored. They imposed their own speech on the black people everywhere, exactly as the English have imposed the tongue of Shakespeare and Newton upon the rude American and West Indian negroes. In the remotest and blackest islands, Mr. Keane points out, the oldest and crudest form of the common language survives, just as the ancient Scandinavian of the Sagas survives in Iceland; in the more advanced light-brown Polynesian groups it has been improved and simplified into a more modernized form, just as in Europe the ancient



Scandinavian has been improved and simplified into modern Danish and modern Swedish. Finally, at a still later period, the Polynesian tongue was adopted by the yellowish Mongoloid Malays, who conquered the same region, and who further improved and simplified it into the Malay of commerce, as the Normans did with the English of King Alfred. Unfortunately, however, the languages in the lump are generally called Malayan, after the latest people who adopted them, instead of Polynesian, after their original speakers; which is somewhat the same error as if we were to describe English as the Norman tongue, or speak of French or Spanish as belonging to the French Canadian group of languages.

The fact is, we have to recognize that changes such as those which we know to have taken place during the historical period also took place in prehistoric times and in unhistoric countries. Just as the English now colonize the coasts of the world, from Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand to South Africa, Canada, British Columbia, and Demerara, so the Phœnician and the Malay colonized in earlier times the Mediterranean or the Indian Ocean, and so the Melaesian in a very remote past spread across the Pacific in the very frailest of vessels. And just as the Goth and Hun and Tartar swept down in historic times on the Roman Empire or the Asiatic world, so, long before, unknown migrations and unnamed hordes of savages swept down upon Egypt, Mesopotamia, and India. For the historic periods and places we have documentary evidence; for the prehistoric or unhistoric we have but the evidence of the existing and resultant arrangements.

Even these, however, tell us a great deal. What, for example, can be more curious than the existing diffusion of that tiny black "Negrito" race, with woolly hair and very protruding jaws, which is now in all probability the earliest surviving variety of the human species? These pygmies occur in Africa as the dwarfs of the forest country, the Akkas, Wochuas, and others, barely four feet high; as the Batwas and Bushmen of the south; and, less pure, as the Hottentots. They crop up again in the undersized aborigines of the Andaman Islands of the Gulf of Bengal, in the Negritos of the Philippines, and in the small black Papuans. Hence we are justified in concluding that this widespread half-developed race of dwarfs once covered a large part of the southern world, from which it has now been ousted by newer, bigger, and more developed tribes; while the primitive pygmies hold their own best either in a few remote islands, in a few barren deserts, or else in very dense and pathless forests, through which taller races would creep with difficulty.

Not less interesting than these romances of race as race are the romances of the interaction of race and religion, or of race and culture. For example, the Moors of the towns and of the seacoast in North Africa, largely intermixed as they are with Arab and other Semitic blood, have swallowed Islam entire, adopting not only its religion but also its social order—its polygamy, its harems, its veiling of women. The Kabyles and Berbers of the hills, on the other hand, fairly pure descendants of the Mauritanian or Romanized inhabitants, though they have accepted Mohammedanism more or less fervently as a religious faith, have never really assimilated it as a social system. To this day they are practically strict monogamists; their women do not veil, but freely show their extremely pretty and piquant faces; while the family is organized on much the same basis as in Europe generally. In other words, the racial habit of allowing a certain freedom and independence to women has proved stronger in practice than the law of Islam: the intrusive Semite has not been able to inoculate with his ideas the Hamitic North African. Nor in "Aryan" Persia, again, has the prohibition against wine been so successful as elsewhere; while the native artistic and pictorial spirit of the Persian race has made a dead letter of the restriction against fashioning an image of anything that is in heaven above, or in earth beneath, or in the waters that are under the earth. Race, in short, has proved stronger than religion. For Persians are Shiah, not orthodox Sunnis; they have transformed the materialistic tenets of Islam into a mysticism not far removed from that of India or the Buddhists. Who could mistake Omar Khayyam for a mere Mohammedan?

Very similar ethnical diversities of faith may also be noticed in our own islands. The Anglican Church, as a rule, has firmly established itself in the more Teutonic and south-eastern half of Britain alone. The Gaelic Celts, both in Ireland and the Scotch Highlands, have remained Roman Catholic; the Cymric Celts, both in Wales and Cornwall, have adopted Wesleyanism or some emotional form of Protestant nonconformity. Even in England proper it will be found that the Establishment flourishes best in the Teutonic south-east, while dissent is rife in the half-Celtic north, in the Yorkshire dales, in Lancashire, and in the west country. I may add, side by side with these facts, that poets, musicians and painters spring more frequently in Britain from the Celtic or semi-Celtic north and west, while they are rarer in the Teutonic or Teutonized south and east. Vocalists, in particular, are very frequently Welsh. Even in London, that vast congeries of mingled races, it is not without

reason that nonconformity is led by Cambrians like the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and that song is dispensed for us by Mr. Hirwen Jones and Mr. Ben Davies.

Canon Isaac Taylor has pointed out a still more curious cross-division of Europe as a whole, dependent upon underlying racial features. Two main types of skull are generally distinguished throughout the whole historic and prehistoric period—these are the dolichocephalic, or long-headed, and the brachycephalic, or short-headed people. "The dolichocephalic Teutonic race," says the learned canon frankly, "is Protestant; the brachycephalic Celto-Slavic race is either Roman Catholic or Greek orthodox. . . . The Teutonic peoples are averse to sacerdotalism, and have shaken off priestly guidance and developed individualism. Protestantism was a revolt against a religion imposed by the South upon the North, but which had never been congenial to the Northern mind. The German princes, who were of purer Teutonic blood than their subjects, were the leaders of the ecclesiastical revolt. Scandinavia is more purely Teutonic than Germany, and Scandinavia is Protestant to the backbone. The Lowland Scotch, who are more purely Teutonic than the English, have given the freest development to the genius of Protestantism." And then the intrepid canon, instead of worrying about theological explanations of the fact, goes on to show that the mean cephalic index (as it is called) of the Dutch is nearly that of the Swedes and North Germans; while the Belgians are Catholics because their cephalic index approaches that of the Catholic Parisians. If a Swiss canton is long-headed, it is Protestant; if round-headed, it is Catholic. And Canon Taylor accounts (rightly, as I think) for one apparent British exception by shrewdly saying: "The Welsh and the Cornishmen, who became Protestant by political accident, have transformed Protestantism into an emotional religion, which has inner affinities with the emotional faith of Ireland and Italy."

Unless so distinguished a divine had led the way, I do not know that I should have ventured myself to follow into this curious by-path of ethnology. But, in future, whenever one is tempted to ask one's self the once famous question, "Why am I a Protestant?" the answer will be obvious: "Because 75 is my cephalic index. If it were 79, I should, no doubt, have become a Dominican brother."

How charming is divine ethnology! I have said enough, I hope, to show that it is not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose, but teeming with odd hints of unsuspected quaintness.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

## SUPERNATURAL TERRORISM.

BY M. C. O'BYRNE, LA SALLE, ILL.

MEASURED by the standard of a single human life—however protracted beyond the average—the progress of mankind seems painfully slow. So many fall by the wayside whose lives, as envisaged by friends and neighbors, seem to have been flat failures, that our human sense of justice induces us to challenge Nature on their behalf, and demand for them, if not immortality, yet another re-incarnation, wherein the miscarriage of the life precedent may in some measure be compensated. It is small comfort to the hunchback or the consumptive that he is a unitary constituent of an immeasurable series whose typical characteristics improve with every generation, and that this type melioration is promoted by the certain elimination of such as he. Were it not for the futility of the thing, the vessel thus “made” to dishonor and suffering might well be excused for lifting up impotent hands to the “master-potter,” and crying, “Why hast thou made me thus?”

In this challenge to Nature, this demand for a recompense, that which we term “religion” has its strongest guarantee of permanence. Neither philosophy nor science, metaphysics nor physics, can predicate conscious immortality for man the unit any more than it can for the rootlet of the esculent pea whose instinct warns it to diverge from the pebble in its path an inch or more before it would encounter that obstacle. Coinciding or co-operating with this appeal for justice comes that autocentric egoism which is syndynamic with the vitality of every man, and which so often secures for the fragile, thewless idealist, despite his neglect of air and exercise, a longer term of life than that enjoyed by the athlete or the fox-hunting country gentleman. “Mundus circumcingit [says Abbot Bernard in his ‘Meditations’] et obsidet me per quinque portas, videlicet per quinque corporis sensus . . . Eripe me de inimicis meis, Deus meus!”—sorrow, suffering, and a continuous besieging of the five portals of the senses by the leagued powers of hell led on by their stratiarch the Devil. To prince or prelate, statesman or clown, the one central point in the universe is his own conscious individuality. Without due correction and rectification by the enlightened reason, this autocentric egoity debilitates and unsettles the mind and deprives the man of self-reliance, simply by so exaggerating his importance in the universal system as to make it seem reasonable that God should assume the flesh of

humanity and die a cruel death to secure for man that immortal compensation to which he feels himself justly entitled.

"Have mercy on us, O God!"—through all the ages this cry of the religionist has expressed the profundity of his fear. Hebrew psalmist, Christian apostle, mediæval saint, modern revivalist—the burden seldom changes: it is the cry of fear, not the enraptured outpouring of certain love. The world and the flesh, are they not always with us, or, to use the words of Augustine, is not "all human life upon earth a continuous temptation" to sin?

Whether strictly conformable to truth or not, at this distance I cannot determine, but the various daily papers of the United States have recently printed a description of the Convent of the Holy Face, said to be in the city of Montreal. Founded by a French Canadian doctor, "the first members of the community were the five daughters of a couple whom he had known for years," the eldest being not more than eighteen years old. "It appears that there are at present fourteen nuns, most of them under eighteen years old: they take them as young as fourteen years." These young persons, venerator of the "holy face" of the crucified man of Galilee, sleep always in coffins "covered with a black pall and decorated with a large silver cross." At first, according to the Mother Superior—"a young woman of about twenty-five years"—they find the coffins "rather creepy and strange," but gradually they come to like them and "would be really sorry if they should be obliged to do without them."

Good Protestant lady or gentleman before whose vision these lines may come, I pray you not to go into heroics over this. Changing the name, the story is, or may be, told of your own religion, whose mission, if it be any form of Christianity, it is to "press the joy from out young hearts," and to fill other ones with terror unspeakable. I do not say that this is its intention, but in corroborating the older fiction of God as an exacting and rigorous judge invested with direst potentialities, and in virtually identifying the pleasures of healthy, vigorous youth and the joys of animal adolescence with sin, it made the world of Christendom a place for mortification and unnatural living. If it could possibly be true that "in Adam [ie., in inheriting Adam's nature] all die," and that only in Christ can "all be made alive," then our best sleeping-places might well be coffins, our dearest ornaments skulls and crossbones. Little wonder that the strongest opposition to disposing of the dead by cremation has proceeded from the clergy—an urn-full of aseptic ashes pos-

esses absolutely no value as a reminder of the coming judgment, when the old bodies shall be restored and revived preliminary to limbo or paradise.

Yes, the progress of mankind seems painfully slow. The mass of the population is inert and sluggish, reluctant to face the light that makes it blink and inquire as to its whereabouts. It blindly swallows the assurances of the go-between, the middleman who dispenses the oracles of God, that our social and domestic morals are indissolubly connected with our theology, and that without a revealed code of ethics our only standard would be empirical liking, inducing sexual cohabitation during good pleasure, and a host of other anti-social gyrations from apple-stealing to arson.

How, we are asked, can men be good and honest without authority! shall we conjugate our verbs without the imperative mood? No, a thousand times no! better a despotism like that of the Muscovite than the devastating rush of moral anarchy. Alas! good people, friends and brethren all. Wist ye not that anarchy in its literal meaning can never coincide with reason, and that the sources of our social and domestic virtues are as pure to-day as they were ten thousand years ago? They welled up clear and sparkling when the wife of the cave-man ran to welcome his return from the chase; they will bubble with the living waters of love when the last vestige of supernatural terrorism is a moss-grown, overthrown totem.

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### F A T E.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

ONE ship drives east and another drives west,  
With the self-same winds that blow.

'Tis the set of the sails,  
And not the gales,

Which tell us the way to go.  
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate:  
As we voyage along through life,

'Tis the set of a soul  
That decides its goal,  
And not the calm, or the strife.

## EARLY CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

BY CHARLES CATTELL, AUTHOR OF "EMERSON AND MODERN THOUGHT."

FOUR years ago I met with three volumes on this subject, recently published, which interested me much, owing to the candor and ability displayed by the author—the Rev. C. T. Cruttwell, M.A., of Leicester. He belongs to the same Church of England in which I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Who can unmake that?

Questions as to authorship of particular Biblical books, we are *now* told by apologists, are questions of fact, not of faith. Mr. Cruttwell all through treats the question in this spirit, although the facts are few. The questions to be answered are: Who wrote the Gospels: and Who said they did? Four names are given at the heads of our Gospels, and six writers are generally quoted to attest the correctness of those headings, these latter being known as "Apostolic Fathers." The four come to us as disciples of Jesus, and the six as disciples of those disciples.

The Encyclopædia Britannica (9th ed., p. 195) disputes the common belief that these "Fathers" had intercourse with the "Apostles." An examination of writings attributed to them, and the sifting of traditions relating to them, "bring out the circumstance that the name is unsuitable." This is an important statement, and we shall see how far it is sustained by the evidence Mr. Cruttwell adduces.

Dr. Martineau (*Nineteenth Century*, June, 1893) \*mentions the newly-discovered Gospel of Peter, calling Jesus "the *Spiritual* Son of God;" which may account for no historian mentioning that Jesus was seen in their time. Moreover, he informs us that the only Gospel among Christians in some countries for five hundred years was that of Peter, which was rejected by other Christians. The fact appears to be well established that Christians differed from each other, and each sect had different beliefs, traditions, and writings or teachings, and that there was no uniformity—no one authority was accepted by them all.

I am unable to find clear and undoubted evidence that any one ever saw the originals of our present Gospels, or of any one who even said that he had seen them. We are told that they were written on paper made of a very perishable material, and hence their early disappearance; but that is not what we want; we want an account of their appearance, predating the other assertion. Supposing the writers of the

Gospels to be grown men at the time they became acquainted with Joseph and Mary and the boy Jesus, they must in that case have been getting to be old men before any of their Gospels became known, if they lived till the crucifixion.

As Mr. Cruttwell devoted seven years to the study of this matter, and did into English all about it, we at least get the prevailing opinion of our time upon it—up to date. Nearly all the early writings, as to their dates and authenticity, have been disputed, few of them having definite attestation. Whatever commended itself to their judgment, they inserted, with or without any reference to the source of it.

Papias was the most trustworthy. He was a bishop, and he may have lived between A.D. 60 and 150. But, unfortunately, his most trustworthy account is lost. He appears to have been very credulous, and Eusebius calls him a person of mean intellect. He was fond of hearing of the fabulous and wonderful. Irenæus says Papias was a hearer of John, but Papias does not say so himself. He says he heard what "the elders" related, who had heard John; and that some one told him that Mark was the interpreter of Peter, but that he was neither a hearer nor a follower of the Lord. Taking all his allusions, I see no ground for believing that he had our four Gospels or knew the writers. He only knew—after asking of everybody he met what they had heard—what somebody else had said. But even all this only depends upon Eusebius, and not upon Papias; hence arises the question of his credibility.

At most, what Eusebius says only amounts to this: Papias said that Mark wrote what he remembered some one else told him Jesus had said. Taking it at its fullest weight, it is only evidence that the Gospels were built up on hearsay. Probably that is the most favorable solution of the question. But the allusion to the kind of Gospel that Mark wrote proves that it was not our Mark at all; and if it had been, Mark got his information at second-hand. This appears to show clearly that Mark's Gospel is not authentic, the very opposite conclusion from that expected and desired to be proved.

Then we get evidenced Matthew's Oracles and Mark's interpretation of Peter as being in existence any time up to A.D. 150. But, as I have said, we owe all this to Eusebius, and who was he? A person who may have been born in Palestine in the latter half of the third century, but it is not known where or when. Is his work any better attested than those he quotes from? And what opinions did he hold? Some say he was Arian, some Athanasian, and others, he was only a buffer between the



two. But his critical powers may be tested. He published, as history, correspondence between King Abgarus and Jesus! He accepted such as genuine and orthodox, which appeared first in the third century! How can we absolutely trust him in other matters?

Here is a sample of the tattle of Papias. They told him that "John"—that is, the *followers* of the elders who saw John told him—John said Jesus taught: The days come in which vines shall grow, each having shoots, branches, twigs, clusters, and grapes, 10,000 of each! Again, one grain of wheat should produce 10,000 heads, each head 10,000 grains, and each of these grains 10lbs. of white flour! A person called Judas doubted this prediction, and asked how it was to be accomplished. The Lord replied, They shall see who come to these days! Like the second coming, this prophecy is still unfulfilled, so far as we have been permitted to know. The uniformity and precision of the 10,000 is very striking. There is hope still for agriculturists and vine-growers.

Clement, of whose personality nothing is known, comes next, in a tradition of A.D. 160, but his Scriptures are the Old Testament, and it is not certain that he quoted any passages from the New Testament. His meeting Peter, winning the affections of heathens, Christians, and Jews, and being cast into the sea, is a good story, but it is unquestionably pure fiction. One who does not even name the Gospels is not a very strong witness as to their dates and authenticity.

Barnabas has ascribed to him an epistle, dated between A.D. 70 and 198, the earliest outside the New Testament, a document which Gibhardt and Harnack do not believe genuine, and the internal evidence of which is fatal to the idea of its authorship by Barnabas or any other apostle. His words, quoted, tell us the meaning of "In six days God created the world," "which means, my children, that the Lord will finish everything in 6,000 years. Christians keep the eighth day, in which Jesus both rose from the dead and manifestly ascended into heaven;" which agrees with the Gospel of Peter, but not with our four Gospels. This is called "the earliest document" with commendable hesitation.

The "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," made known in 1883 as being found in 1875, is to be considered as the work of companions or followers, not the Twelve themselves. It mentions The Gospel, and the Gospel of the Lord, but not our Four Gospels. The use of the term Gospel or Gospels in early writings has not the meaning we now attach to them as names of books.

Ignatius comes next, of whom all that approaches certainty is—he was

a native of the East. He is referred to A.D. 180, and in the fourth century he is named a bishop. Eusebius is the authority for his writings. Tradition gives him personal intercourse with Apostles—and, if he had such, it would be with John. "Much virtue in 'if.'" That he was the child taken up in the arms of Jesus, on chronological grounds alone is impossible. His death is nowhere recorded, and, except the circumstances that preceded it, his previous life is an entire blank.

The Shepherd of Hermas appeared, perhaps, in A.D. 170, and was pronounced spurious by all the churches, Tertullian says. Its value consists in showing the lack of critical insight which accepted it as inspired for generations; but it gives no evidence of our Four Gospels, although he had communication with an angel, or believed he had.

Polycarp's early life is unknown. But, if we date his martyrdom A.D. 156, and if we agree that he was a follower of Christ 86 years, and that he was made bishop by the Apostles, and that he held the office 50 years, then he *may* have been born A.D. 70. If we begin with his recorded martyrdom, and what took place at it, we are at once in the land of romance; but dating his discipleship from his *birth* harmonizes. His parents may have been Christians, but there is no certainty. He is described as intimate with the New Testament, and a disciple of John; but I do not find him naming our Four Gospels or their authors. How true is the remark, "Apostolic Fathers tell us little."

Justin Martyr describes himself as writing in A.D. 150, and defended the faith against all comers. The reason why he quotes the Old Testament accurately and the New Testament differently to ours is—one was open before him and the other was dependent on his memory. But he only mentions John's Apocalypse, a totally different style of writing to that of the Gospels, and which was subsequently repudiated by some Christians; besides, if he knew of John's Gospel, why did he not name that also? "We cannot tell." It appears to me that he used the Gospel of Peter, or one like it.

Irenæus, towards the end of the second century, tells us there are four Gospels, and gives the reason why. There are four quarters of the globe, four universal winds, the cherubim are of four-fold visage: whence it is evident that the Word, the great Architect of all things, gave us The Gospel in a four-fold shape. I fully endorse the comment on this: it is "indeed unconvincing to us." If we may trust him, "the teaching" was first handed down by word of mouth, and then by written documents; and similar statements made by others point to the conclusion

that the Oracles, Memoirs, Teachings, Gospels, or whatever passed current under those or similar names, assumed the written form generations after the time assigned to Apostles.

An explanation of the origin of John's Gospel was discovered in the 7th or 8th century, published in 1740. The unknown author reports: "Fast we three days, and then let us report to each other the revelation we may receive. The same night Andrew had a revelation that John should write everything in his own name, to be revised and approved by the rest." If this were done, what need of three other Gospels?

Peter's Gospel was suppressed by Serapion as heretical, the contents indicating it to be possibly of the second century. My opinion, already expressed, is that it was known to Justin Martyr. It is said to reveal acquaintance with our four Gospels. It certainly, in my judgment, reveals many variations from them. It is difficult to suppose he believed the four accurate, or why did he write one which agrees with none of them?

Jerome is another great luminary, as important as Eusebius. Where and when he was born is not so clearly made out as might be desired. The date assigned to his birth makes him 33 years of age at the death of Julian, A.D. 363, while his own account is that at that time he was a lad at school. We are asked to believe that, at the suggestion of a Pope, he revised a Latin version of the Bible, and dedicated the Gospels to him A.D. 385. What appears best attested is that he quarrelled with everybody, and disputed with everybody, and that every time he changed sides, he expected all his acquaintances to do the same! But he is an important link in the chain of the orthodox Bible history, which is as follows: Revised Version derived from Authorized Version—that from 1611 version, that from English Bibles then in existence. Tyndale took his from Erasmus, and he took his from Jerome, which was the first collection A.D. 390.

If some critic should arise and be able to show that Eusebius and Jerome are no more reliable than the Apostolic Fathers, it is impossible to foretell the fate of the belief in the authenticity of the early Christian literature. The whole of the Christian literature, including the present Revised Version, appears to me to be made up mainly of materials found in the Old Testament, giving to them a new meaning, according to the views held by the writers. It does not appear to be history, but dogma, beliefs formed upon allusions and phrases, giving them new meanings from age to age. This view is supported by the fact that modern

Christian sects are able to quote whatever they require to sustain their particular doctrines. The whole of Christian literature involves the appearance of the human race in quite modern historic times; which view is now known, on scientific evidence, to be absolutely false. This literature has now no more title to credence than the chronicles of England, or any other country, which trace the birth of the nation on the very soil upon which the inhabitants now have a local habitation and a name.

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### DOGMA AND CHURCHISM.

THE future historian will find nothing more significant in the life of the century which is now drawing to a close than the wonderful changes which have taken place in religious thought. The recorder and critic of the present times will also marvel that, in the face of these changes, the Press of the country, which was supposed to occupy itself with all that concerned humanity, had observed what looked like a conspiracy of silence on a series of questions which, more than any others, affected the public and private life of the epoch. Even leading Liberal organs like the *Daily News*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and a host of important newspapers, have practically boycotted a subject before which all others pale into insignificance.

And what are some of the great issues thus ignored? They are scientific, historical, religious. How our grandfathers would have stared at seeing as Archbishop of Canterbury a man who believes in Darwin's and Spencer's theory of Evolution, and who rejects the literal interpretation of the Creation and the Fall, as given in the Hebrew books which make up the Old Testament. Here were we all being taught that because somebody in a garden was supposed to have eaten an apple we were all liable to be punished eternally with flames and other tortures, had not God sent His Son—though how God could have a son has never been explained—to die on a Cross, as a sacrifice to appease himself, and also, we suppose, the Son—for God the Father and God the Son, we are told, are the same. And now the Archbishop of Canterbury and innumerable other Church dignities reject, not only the story of the Fall, but many other incidents connected with the books of the Old Testament, such, for example, as that the first five books were written by Moses.

This state of affairs, and the remarkable movement among the clergy of the Parliament-established Church towards reunion with the old Catholic Church from which it dissented some three centuries ago, make this year's meeting of the Church Congress one of special interest. The body called the Church of England is, of course, no Church at all, as its doctrines and practices are rigidly

prescribed by the State ; and its income is chiefly derived from the same source. Hence its convocations and congresses are of no more importance than a debating society. They may discuss and pass resolutions ; but these gentlemen who are masquerading as a Church, have to come to beg of a parliament composed mainly of Atheists, Infidels, Catholics, and Jews, to say nothing of fraudulent company promoters, to be good enough to make some new doctrine for them, or to prescribe some fresh rules of ritual. Religion, one would think, ought to be the same always, if it be true. But no ; its modern professors talk of "progressive" religion, and of altering religions "to suit the times," all of which conclusively proves that they are absolutely ignorant of what religion is, and are groping about for some light on the subject.

We are not concerned with the march of the Established Church towards Rome. So far as doctrine goes, if people believe in supernatural things at all, slight differences of opinion are of little importance. It is, however, strange and always amusing to note the part played by the great millinery or tailoring question in Churchmen's disputes. They are as much concerned about the cut of their uniforms as an officer in the British Army is about the red and gold stuffs and embroideries in which he delights to disguise himself. If the clergy of the English Church like to go to Rome, they are at perfect liberty to do so. But the nation that pays them for being an institution subject to Parliament, is also at liberty to withdraw from the Ecclesiastical Branch of the Civil Service the £10,000,000 a year which it pays to the State clergy and church schools, and for other church purposes. This monstrous gift ought to have been withdrawn long ago. There are 40,000,000 of inhabitants in the United Kingdom. We venture to say that there are not 1,000,000 separate communicants—the only test of real church membership—in connection with the establishment. Yet, so singularly favored is this institution by influence, and by the fact that the nation is governed by a body of autocrats known as the House of Lords, that it is able to defy every attempt to give it a chance of becoming a church, through the righteous process of Disestablishment and Disendowment.

If one wanted an accurate idea of the demoralization which has attacked the Parliamentary Church, it is afforded by the sermon preached by the Archbishop of York at the opening of the Church Congress in Bradford. That discourse is almost entirely devoted to a consideration of the bickerings which are raging within the Church. The Archbishop first entirely gave away the case for dogma by saying that all Church movements being associated with human agencies are liable to error. Thus, then, there is no absolute standard of right or wrong, correct or incorrect, in matters appertaining to religion. But the Archbishop, so far as his Church is concerned, is entirely wrong : it is in a state of bondage to Parliament ; it is bound and fettered hand and foot to the State ; it is liable to be prosecuted in the courts of the country if it moves one inch beyond what the

State authorizes or commands. The so called Church of England is one of the least free of all the churches in the world.

How far, indeed, have we travelled since the days when one of the greatest objections urged against the Catholic Church was that it encouraged the act of confessing alleged "sin" to men in clerical uniforms. Now, it appears that, after all, the Communion service of the Parliamentary Church of England also encourages confession. Here are the authoritative words of the Archbishop on the subject—we especially commend them to our excited Orange friends in the north of Ireland :

"It is, however, essential to acknowledge the Church of England definitely recognizes private confession as under certain circumstances a lawful means of spiritual help, and the remedy for the danger which unquestionably attended it is to be found, not in attempting wholesale suppression, but in the wise regulation of its use."

Not less instructive than the sermon of the Archbishop was the presidential address of the Bishop of Ripon. He accepted the description of the State Church as a "compromise." Think of a Church pretending to possess eternal truths being willing to be described by that most worldly-wise of all names! We quite agree with the description. It is a compromise between God and Mammon, between honor and corruption, between honesty and fraud. The Archbishop has his £15,000 pounds a year; the poor curate his £50. The bishops are in temporal power as members of the House of Lords, and parsons are holders of glebe lands and tithes throughout the country. Yet they rail at the Catholic Church for trying to secure some temporal power in Italy—it seemingly being the ambition of all churches to set up for themselves kingdoms on earth. The Church of England is aware that the people—who are denied a voice in the government of the Church—will refuse to pay anything directly towards its support in augmentation of its already swollen endowment; so it comes to its masters and doctrine-makers in Parliament and steals, through legal means, a few millions at a time. A large portion of the clergy of the State Church are grossly ignorant of the results of modern science and Biblical criticism, and are, therefore, totally unfit to be ecclesiastical teachers of the people. Another large section, as our columns from week to week show, are criminals, instead of "spiritual guides"

And who can wonder? The State clergy are appointed by rule of thumb. The lawyer who is Speaker of the House of Lords has some four or five hundred "cures of souls" in his gift. Anybody who buys land may buy with it the right to appoint State priests. The whole system is odious and hypocritical to the last degree, having as its basis the principle of the "loaves and fishes." It is difficult to believe that any clergyman can be an honest man who, for the sake of genuine religion, is not in favor of the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church by law established.—*Reynolds' Newspaper.*

## BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY MAJOR-GEN. J. G. R. FORLONG, F.R.S.E, F.R.A.S., ETC.\*

### VI.

MR. KIRKUP (in Ency. Brit.) says: "In many respects Essenes reached the highest moral elevation attained by the ancient world (of the West). They were just, humane, benevolent, and spiritually minded, the sick and aged were objects of special and affectionate regard." They believed in the brotherhood of man, and would hurt no one voluntarily or even by word of command. They hated injustice, actively assisted all those who were wronged, and taught obedience to rulers and seniors—all pure Jaino-Buddhism. But they believed in the traditions of their fathers, and "punished blasphemy against their lawgiver with death!"

Even allowing for this last hereditary sin, Mr. Kirkup says, Essenes could not have arrived at these abnormal and peculiar views of virtue and conduct in perfect isolation from antecedent and contemporary speculation. He might have added, nor could Christians, for all its growth and Evolution. Even in studying the sacred books of Tibet, the learned Orientalist, Mr. H. Princep, wrote in 1850-52: "Seeing what these sacred books of Buddhists taught several centuries B.C., and what its missionaries have ever since preached, the rapid spread of Christianity in our first and second centuries is not surprising" (p. 172). Vainly do we try, as the good Hebrew said, to hide "the rock from whence we are hewn," and proclaim that we are a chosen or "peculiar" people, and all others common and unclean or "barbarous," as said Greeks and Chinese.

None of the Gospels are quoted, or, so far as history shows, were known till 170-175 A.C. This is elaborately proved in "Supernatural Religion." So that there was ample time between 500 B.C. and 170 A.C. for Buddhism to influence Christianity—all that we contend for. The moral teachings of both religions are vastly older and common to all religions, and probably sprang up independently in the minds of wise and pious thinkers. We only contend that the wide-spread Eastern faith had ample time and opportunity to imprint its practices, texts, legends, and doctrines on all historic Asia, and undoubtedly did so, just as Jaino-Buddhism had started and influenced alike Brahmanism and Buddhism.

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\* Condensed from "Short Studies in the Science of Comparative Religions." By Major-General Forlong. London: Quaritch.

It and a score of its saints are lost in the mazes of antiquity, springing probably only from the human heart and the miseries of life—the usual source of asceticism.

How many waves of Buddhism surged backwards and forwards between Oxiana and Central Asia toward India on the south-east, and to Khorasan and South Kaspiana States, we can only guess; but one great wave clearly commenced some 1,000 years B.C.; and, though ever and again receding, or absorbed for a time in strange currents, it maintained itself among the fastnesses of the Koh-i-stan, North Kaspiana, Hindu-Kush, and Himalayas. It everywhere left its mark, and finally rested, during if not before the fifth century B.C., over all the mountains and valleys from lower Kashmir into Western Persia and Baktria.

From Taranatha's "History of Buddhism" and Spiegel's "Five Gathas," we gather that Buddhist missions existed in Persia 450 B.C., during the reign of Artaxerxes Longamanus, and some were there and then specially located and favored by him. Jews were located throughout these countries (Huc's "Christ," i. 1), and were striving to re-establish themselves and a sacred literature in Judea; while Greeks were listening to Sophocles, Socrates, and Anaxagoras—then ventilating not a little Buddhistic or Jaino-Bodhist teaching.

The Jews on the Her-i-rud (Herat) and in Baktria claim to have been established there during the tumults bewailed by Jeremiah about 630 B.C., for Herat was the Hara of the Old Testament, and was well known to their "Savior Cyrus." To it the King of Assyria drove two and a half Hebrew tribes. There are records of fights between Jews and Mazdeans in Herat regarding putting out lights, showing the early domination of the latter, who had there no rivals save the meek but earnest Jaino-Buddhists. Aristoxenos, of the Alexandrian era, says: "An Indian magus, sorcerer, or 'Great One,' visited Socrates, and many philosophers were then preaching abstinence from all wine and animal food, as well as promulgating strange theories of metempsychosis." Baktria had then fully embraced the neo-Buddhism of Gotama, and long before our era this had permeated nearly all Asia and become virtually the State religion of vast empires in China and India. It was in the mouth, if not in the heart, of all monarchs, priests, and learned men from the Pacific to the Mediterranean.

We are apt to forget that intercourse throughout Asia was as free and complete 1,000 years B.C. as it is to-day, except in the case of British India, with its great metalled highways, railroads, and telegraphs. Else-



where, throughout the East, caravansaries and tracks, called roads, existed then as now; but the roughness of the latter impeded not the interchange of thought, which passed then even more easily than now from tribe to tribe; for bounds were less defined, and wild hordes moved more freely then, while a belief in the divinity or holiness of the pious pilgrim-teacher or hermit was more universal, hence he was less molested and more respected and his opinions more freely disseminated than in these sceptical days.

The *savans* of Alexander found Jaino-Buddhism strongly in the ascendant throughout Baktria, Oxiana, and all the passes to and from Afghanistan and India. Restless Sramans—monks and peripatetic Bikshus and mendicants—had then been wandering for ages over half of Asia, and appear to have had regular proselytizing agencies in all lone mountain passes and river gorges where travellers and armies had to pass.

In those days no important phase of thought, especially in regard to religion, its inspired leaders and their miracles, was long hidden. Fables and folk-lore, as well as sandal-wood, "apes, ivory, and peacocks," were as well known in Jerusalem as in India. "That a channel of communication was open between India, Syria and Palestine in time of Solomon, is established," says Prof. Max Muller, "beyond doubt by certain Sanscrit words which occur in the Bible as names of articles of export from Ophir, which, taken together, could not have been exported from any country but India."

We now know that the literature of Buddhism has been the source of much of our oldest folk-lore, legends and parables—a Sanscrit fable appearing, says Max Muller, in one of the comedies of Strattis, of about 400 B.C., and "the judgment of Solomon" (in regard to dividing a living child in two) appearing in a much more human form in the Thibetan Buddhist Tripitaka.

If fables and legends even from Tibet so travelled, how much more would the great sayings and doings of a mighty prophet—one who wayed and guided the most earnest thoughts of many millions—be wafted into lands eagerly listening to every breath or sound on those subjects?

Easterns and their faiths were not without effect on the Greeks of Alexander's expeditions. Pyrrho, a thoughtful artist, was one of the band of *savans* of 330-320 B.C., who diligently studied Magian, Zoroastrian and Indian religions, and seems to have embraced Jaino-Buddhism, admiring more especially its contented, imperturbable equanimity, and

humble agnostic attitude in regard to the unknown and unprovable. On his return, he became a teacher on the lines of Gorgias the Sicilian (evidently a follower of Pythagoras and Protagoras), who wrote precisely as Gotama had taught, that "man neither knows, nor has facilities or means of knowing, the true and ultimate nature of things, and must put aside his *a priori* premises"—the ontological and teleological causes of being. Out of such teaching arose in time the schools of Eleatics, Sophists, and Sceptics, who in this respect aroused the sleepy West.

Only cultured Stoics could appreciate the higher Buddhism, and those, says Bishop Lightfoot, "essentially followed Buddha, first, as to a common belief in the supreme good derived by the practice of virtue; secondly, in self-reliance and the assertion of conscience; and thirdly, in the reality of the intuitional apprehension of truth." "Stoicism," he continues, "was, in fact, the earliest offspring of the union between the religious consciousness of the East and the intellectual culture of the West. . . . (for) Zeno, the Phœnician, was a child of the East, and only when his Stoicism had Eastern affinities did it differ seriously from the schools of Greek philosophy. To these affinities may be attributed the intense moral earnestness which was its characteristic" (Ep. Phil. xi. 273).

What truer Buddhism could there be than such as this, which then echoed and re-echoed from Grove to Stoa?—"Submit, my brothers, without grumbling, to the unavoidable necessity by which all things are governed. Free thyself from all passions, and be unmoved in joy as in sorrow." Compare also our canonical Ecclesiastes, which was written about 200 B.C., and is full of Buddhistical Stoicism.

## VII.

FROM 400 B.C. downwards, we have much Buddhistic teaching in Plato, Epicurus, Pyrrho, Aristotle, and others, and we hear the latter speak of the Buddhistic "Kalani" in connection with supposed Jews; and when in 330 B.C. Alexander and his *savans* were on their way through Bactria to India, Jaina-Buddhism was more or less professed from the Oxus to the furthest India. By 315 B.C. the energetic Emperor Chandra-Gupta, virtually a Jaina, had married a daughter of Seleukos; and by 300, Greeks had no longer any States in India, but had spread widely east and west. Megasthenes, the Greek ambassador, and his staff were still with the Emperor on the Ganges, compiling histories of India, its kings, peoples, religions, rites, and customs.

We have evidence, says Prof. Beal, that about this time Greek plays passed into India direct from Alexandria to Baroda, and northward to Ujani, the viceroyalty of the Jaina Asoka. Darmestetter says that "the plays of Æschylos and Sophocles were read at the Parthian Court, and the relationship between Parthia and Western Asia was very close"—how much closer with Buddhistic Bactria and India, where Parthia acquired a vast kingdom extending from the Indus to the Nermunda?

Buddhism indirectly attracted the attention of the Jews through the Eastern Parthians, for Josephus states that the Parthian Prince, Pacorus (well acquainted with Buddhism), reigned over Syria *from Jerusalem as a capital*; and he quotes Aristotle as saying that "the Jews of Cœle-Syria were Indian philosophers, called in the East Calami (? Kalani) and Iksvaku, or "sugar-cane people," and only Jews because they lived in Judea. These "Jews" (evidently Essenes), said Aristotle, "derived from Indian philosophers wonderful fortitude in life, diet, and continence." They were, in fact, Jaina-Bodhists, whom the great Greek confounded with Syrians.

History shows us that Babylon was considered by many as the headquarters of Jewish faith for some 300 years from the second century B.C. to the first century A.C., and that the learned and pious of Jerusalem ever looked to it as their city of light and learning.

From the third century B.C., Jews were to be found all over Babylonia and the furthest East; and the highest recommendation a member of the holy city could then advance was, that he had been in the Sanhedrim of Babylon, as in the case of the wise priest Hillel, who was educated in the Babylonian schools, and died in Jerusalem about 10 A.C.

Eusebius, St. Augustine (com. "City of God," and Dr. Isaac Taylor's "Ancient Christ," where he shows that Christian Monasticism came from India), and several orthodox fathers point to the rites and customs of Christianity existing before Christ, as in Sabbath services of prayer and praise, like those which arose in our second century; in fact, all Western Asia, from the third century B.C., was excited on these subjects; and probably on this account St. Thomas and other Christians pressed eastward in search of the eastern focus of faiths.

The threads of thoughts from which Faiths grow are difficult to trace, but a distinguished and learned author of works on Palestine and Biblical Archæology writes in full agreement as to the influence of Buddhism over that "Gnosticism which was the early form of Christianity." He adds: "I am inclined to think there was no orthodoxy in Syria: i.e., no

teaching of the Latin Church; and therefore Gnosticism=Christianity =Buddhism+Judaism, at all events in Syria down to 326 A.C."—a far-reaching fact.

We know from Eusebius, Epiphanius, and others, that Demetrius, the librarian of Alexandria, urged his royal master, the Græco-Egyptian Ptolemy Philadelphus, "conqueror of Bactria," to try and secure the sacred books of India for his great library in Alexandria; and we may be very sure that this literary king did so as far as he could, and pretty well succeeded, for he reigned from 283 to 247 B.C.—that is, during almost the whole life of the proselytizing Emperor Asoka, then inscribing Jaino-Buddhistic tenets on rocks and pillars throughout northern India and Afghanistan, and stretching out his hands to Greeks, Bactrians, and Chinese. But, alas! Ptolemy's library was burnt down in 47 B.C., and we have thus lost his Oriental collection as well as the Septuagint Bible.

It was not with closed eyes and ears that Ptolemy and his *sarans* would pass over all the intermediate States towards Babylon, Bactria, and India—countries where Ezraitic Jews were still compiling their sacred writings, aided by the Babylonian Sanhedrim, the schools of Berossos, and the Greek centres which had sprung up on the scattering abroad of the hosts of Alexander. The loss to the world has therefore been very great.

Ptolemy Philadelphus was succeeded by Ptolemy Energetes, who was coeval with Antiochus Theos, "the Antiyoka Yona Raja" mentioned by Asoka, and to whom he sent Buddhist agents or missionaries. These would, of course, preach to amazed Western armies the brotherhood of all men and the immorality of war, save that against our own evil inclinations ("the world, the flesh and the devil," in later Western *parlance*), and the beauty of contentment even in poverty and rags. They would, like their lord, urge that it was more glorious to subdue one's self than to rule multitudes; to be a savior of men rather than a conqueror; to strive to assuage the untold miseries of the world, rather than, by indulging vanity and passion, to add to the normal weight of sorrow. From such teaching would naturally arise the Therapeuts, Essenes, etc.; and we know of the former in 200 B.C. and of the latter in 150 B.C. Thus we need not wonder at Eusebius and others pointing to a kind of "Christianity before Christ," for Eclectics and others had organized churches, with deacons, presbyters, or similar office-bearers, and these used to meet on the Sabbatu, or "Day of Rest," sacred to Saturn, for prayer, praise, and other religious exercises. (See Dr. Cunningham's "Croat Lectures," 1886.)

We have seen that Asoka began his proselytizing career about 260 B.C. as a Jainist; embraced Buddhism not later than 250, and assembled his Missionary Council in 242, from which went teachers to all India and Trans-India. He then also urged his views by agents and correspondence with foreign princes, as the Greek kings of Bactria, Persia, Syria, etc., and entered upon a correspondence with many literary foreigners. It was about this time that plays of Sophocles were read in the camps and courts of eastern Parthian princes, one of whom, as before stated, translated no less than 176 distinct Buddhist works into Chinese.

It is, as Prof. Beal wrote, an historical fact, that Antigonus Gonatas, king of Macedonia, who travelled in India about 285, is mentioned in three copies of one of the Edicts of Asoka, of about 250 B.C., and Antigonus was the patron if not the disciple of "Zenon the Eastern."

Buddhists have no caste like Hindoos to keep them from foreigners, and Asoka was believed to have Greek blood in his veins, inasmuch as his grandfather, Chandra Gupta, who died 291 B.C., married a daughter of Seleukos. When Asoka died, in 222, Buddhism was the acknowledged leading faith from the farthest western limits of Parthia up towards the Hari-rud, or river of Herat, to Bactria and mid-Asia into China. It was supreme in India and Ceylon, where, as in Upper Burmah, sons of Asoka were proselytizing monks. It had reached Siam and the Indian Archipelago, and the great maritime Sabean races of Arabia had become familiar with all its customs and rites at their every port of call in the furthest Eastern seas, so that the religious peoples of Egypt and the coasts of Africa would hear all about it as well by sea as by land.

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#### THE BEWILDERED GUEST.

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I WAS not asked if I should like to come,  
 I have not seen my host here since I came,  
 Or had a word of welcome in his name.  
 Some say that we shall never see him; some,  
 That we shall see him elsewhere, and then know  
 Why we were bid. How long I am to stay  
 I have not the least notion. None, they say,  
 Was ever told when he should come or go.  
 But every now and then there bursts upon  
 The song and mirth, a lamentable noise,  
 A sound of shrieks and sobs, that strikes our joys  
 Dumb in our breasts; and then some one is gone.  
 They say we'll meet him. None knows where or when:  
 We know we shall not meet him here again.—W. D. HOWELLS.

## ANOTHER "MISSING LINK."

BY J. SPENCER ELLIS.

PROFESSOR OTIS T. MASON, Anthropologist to the National Museum at Washington, in a communication to the *New York Journal*, states that "The Aetas of the Philippines and the Kalangs of Java occupy the nearest position to the much-demanded and so-called 'link' of any human beings known to be living on the earth." In other words, though somewhat higher in type than the fossil remains of prehistoric ape-like man found by Dr. Dubois in Java, and named the "Pithecanthropus Erectus," the Neanderthal man, and others, these living tribes "are the most ape-like of all races of men, their prognathous and deeply-lined faces giving them a monkey-like appearance. Their intelligence is of a very low type, and it is said that they are unable to count above five. Among ethnologists it is a question whether the Aetas or the Kalangs are more simian in their characteristics. Both belong to the same stock."

As a whole race of these people is to be added to the populations for which Uncle Sam is to provide carpet-bag government, and as the scientific men of the States will no doubt be anxious to observe, not only the present condition, but the progress of these peoples, the records of some interesting and important facts may be anticipated. At present, these Philippine natives are known as Aetas or Negritos, though the latter name is entirely misleading, as the Aetas have no sort of relationship to the negro races. They are not agriculturists, nor do they build houses, and their language is much like the chattering of apes. In appearance, indeed, they greatly resemble apes. They have flat noses, protruding jaws, and receding foreheads. Their bodies are large, and their legs thin, and they spend most of their time on their haunches. They are very agile, and can pick up pins with their toes. They live in the interior forests, and it is impossible to tame or domesticate them. They are, indeed, considered much lower than the intelligent cannibals and head-hunters who form a large part of the population of the islands. These latter, belonging to the great Malayan races which have spread over nearly every part of the islands of the great Pacific and Indian Oceans and the lands surrounding them, have driven the Aetas from the coasts; and the Aetas, like the Ainus of Japan and the Pigmies of Africa, must be sought in the dense jungles which afford them protection. Their

knowledge of making fire is one of the chief things that distinguish them from their simian neighbors. This they accomplish by rubbing bamboo sticks together. They have no idea of making pottery.

The Aetas live by the chase and by plunder, knowing nothing of agriculture. They always go armed, their weapons being bamboo lances and bows and arrows, the latter being poisoned. The effect of the poison with which the arrows are tipped is to create an intense thirst, which causes the wounded animal to seek the nearest water which it drinks till it dies. The hunters then cut away the flesh from around the wound, as the poison would give such a bitter taste to the carcass that it could not be eaten. The Aetas are always at feud with the other races that inhabit the same country; and, small as he is (the average height of the males is only four feet six inches), the Aeta is dreaded by reason of his poisoned arrows.

A few of the Aetas have been captured and apparently tamed. Being light and active, they are employed as servants by the officials at Manila. One was in the household of the Archbishop of Manila, who had him educated with great care. To all appearance he was thoroughly civilized, and was at length ordained priest. But one day his natural instincts proved too strong for his new social and religious restraints, and he threw off his clothes and his religion and escaped to his friends. Such instances are said to occur frequently.

Travellers in the Philippines are compelled to be very careful lest they be suddenly set upon by these dangerous little people, who are not likely to receive the agents of American "civilization" any more genially than they did their Spanish rulers. As American citizens, they may be presented with the ballot-box; but it is far more likely that they will receive their first lesson from a machine gun.

The religion of the Aetas is a low form of fetishism. Any object, such as an oddly-shaped tree-trunk or stone, is worshipped for a day or so, and then forsaken for some new object that may attract them by some peculiarity. They respect the aged, and in this respect they show a superiority over many savage tribes. And they hold the dead in great veneration, year after year resorting to the burial-places of their friends for the purpose of laying offerings of betel-nuts and tobacco on the graves. Over each warrior's grave is hung his bow and arrows, the Aetas having an idea that at night the man will leave his grave and hunt till morning.

Owing to this reverence for the dead, the explorer, De la Gironiere and his expedition nearly came to a fatal termination. They had succeeded

in securing a skeleton from its burial-place, when the Aetes discovered the theft, and they at once set upon the desecrators of their ancestor's tomb and fairly chased them out of the country, the poisoned arrows proving too formidable for the invaders to resist, especially when used by foes as active as monkeys, and who could pour their arrows on their foes from tree-tops, while they scarcely exposed an inch of their little dark bodies to the enemy.

The Aetas are less known than any of the savage races of the world. The Spaniards would not venture among them, and would not permit others to do so. M. de la Gironiere many years ago went among them, and he has left a very interesting and exciting account of them. One passage is as follows :

“ One morning, while pursuing our way in silence, we heard before us a chorus of squeaking tones, which had more resemblance to the cries of birds than to the human voice. We kept on our guard, concealing our approach as much as possible with the aid of trees and brambles. All at once we perceived at a little distance about forty savages of all sexes and ages, who had absolutely the air of animals. They were on the banks of a rivulet, and surrounding a great fire. We made several steps in advance, and presented the butt ends of our guns towards them. As soon as they perceived us, they set up shrill cries, and prepared to take flight, but I made signs to them, showing them some packets of cigars that we wished to give them. I had fortunately received at Binangonan all the instructions necessary for opening up communications with them, and as soon as they comprehended us, they ranged themselves into a line, like men preparing for a review. This was the signal that we might approach. We went up to them with cigars in our hands, and I commenced distributing them from one end of the line. It was very important that we should make friends with them, and give each an equal share, according to their custom. The distribution being over, an alliance was cemented, and peace concluded, when they commenced smoking.

“ A deer was hanging from a tree, and from this the chief cut three large slices with a bamboo knife and threw them on the fire. Drawing them out an instant afterwards, he presented a piece to each of us. The exterior was slightly burned and sprinkled with ashes, but inside it was perfectly raw and bloody. It would not do, however, to show the repugnance I felt at making a repast scarcely better than a cannibal's, for my hosts would have been scandalized, and I wished to live in good fellow-



ship with them for some days. I therefore ate my piece of venison, which, after all, was not ill-tasting; and, my Indians having followed my example, our reputation was established."

Under the guidance of Professor James, of Harvard University, the chimpanzees Sallie and Joe learned to wear clothes and live "like Christians"; and doubtless, with the aid of missionaries and rum, grey-coats and bullets, traders and wooden nutmegs, the Aetas will at length be taught to appreciate the blessings of "modern civilization," learn how to work so as to pay taxes to help fill Uncle Sam's Treasury; or go out of existence as a living link in the chain of human development. In the meantime, they will afford room for important observations by scientists, which we hope will be taken full advantage of.

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### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY G. W. FOOTE, EDITOR "FREETHINKER."

EIGHTEEN hundred and ninety-eight years ago, if we are to believe the gospel, a number of astrologers came from a wide region called "the east" to Judea. They were led thither by a wonderful star, which apparently accommodated itself to their rate of locomotion, and descended low enough to journey visibly over the earth's surface. This bit of celestial pyrotechny was of course the star of some great person's nativity, and on arriving at a house in Bethlehem, over which it rested, they learned that an uncrowned and unanointed King of the Jews had just been born in a stable and was cradled in a manger. After giving him the presents they had considerably brought with them, they returned to "the east," and were never heard of afterwards. What is still more curious, they were never mentioned in the whole course of that wonderful child's career, although their visit to Bethlehem, and the subsequent massacre of the innocents, should have kept them fresh in the memory of every inhabitant of Palestine.

It is also recorded in the New Testament that the birth of this wonderful child was marked by the appearance of angels to some nameless shepherds in an unknown place. These angelic visitors proclaimed peace on earth and good-will towards men, or peace among the restricted class of men in whom the Lord "is well pleased," as the Revised Version expresses it.

Accordingly, it has been the custom of Christian scribes and preachers to celebrate the astral herald of Christ's nativity as the morning star of a new day. Every fresh Christmas sees this threadbare theme new-worn. Pulpiters and

pious journalists expatiate *ad nauseam* on the immorality and brutality of pre-Christian civilization, and the goodness and tenderness which have gradually crept over the world as Christianity has advanced. Fortunately for these professional apologists, they can presume on the most utter ignorance of their readers and hearers, and, neglecting history and the logic of facts, they are able to give a free reign to their cheap and tawdry rhetoric. Nor does it in the least interfere with their periodical jubilations that while they praise their perfect system, which has had eighteen centuries to produce its perfect fruit, they are obliged to bewail the ghastly diseases of Christian civilization; its chronic pauperism, its rampant vices, its wide-spread drunkenness, its criminality, its costly military systems, outvieing anything which even Rome ever witnessed, and the frightful scale of its wars, as well as of its warlike preparations, which are a strange commentary on the gospel of peace. True, there are some dissonant voices in this well-practised chorus, but they are nearly lost in the swelling volume of sound. A Shelley sings of "the Galilean serpent," and a Swinburne of "the poison of the crucifix." Such voices, however, are only audible to discriminating ears, and so the sweet songsters of orthodoxy keep the concert pretty much to themselves.

Glancing back over eighteen centuries of history with a free and fearless eye, who can truthfully assert that the Star of Bethlehem *was* the herald of a better day? It is quite obvious to the candid student that Christianity wrought no practical improvement on the great body of the Roman Empire, either before or after it secured the patronage of Constantine. The early Christian Emperors were not a whit more moral than the pagan Cæsars. They were simply pale copies of great originals; and if their vices were less flagrant and monstrous than those of a Nero or a Caligula, their virtues were insignificant beside those of an Augustus or an Antoninus. Nor is it easy to see in what respect the gladiatorial shows at Rome were worse than the faction-fights at Constantinople. Still less is it easy to see how the burning and torturing of Christians by pagans were any worse than the burnings and torturings of heretics by their fellow Christians.

Intellectually, Christianity merely substituted a new and vigorous superstition for an old and dying one, which was gradually being supplanted among the educated classes by a prudent, though spirited, philosophy. The gods of Olympus gave place to the Trinity and the Devil, who wielded all the arbitrary power of their predecessors without exhibiting any of their grace or *bonhomie*. The national religions succumbed to one of universal pretensions, and their spirit of mutual toleration was succeeded by a malignant fanaticism which regarded every difference of opinion as a crime. And while the national religions were always more or less subservient to temporal welfare, the new religion dwarfed this world into the mere vestibule of heaven or hell.

Borrowing the bigotry of Judaism, exalting faith as the supreme virtue, and

denouncing unbelief as the blackest sin, Christianity did its best to obscure and degrade morality. At the same time it arrested intellectual progress, which always follows mental dissatisfaction and the restless spirit of inquiry. The proof of this can be given in a sentence. During six or seven centuries of undisputed supremacy Christianity could not point to a single new discovery in science, or to a single new book of the least importance to literature. What more damning impeachment than this could be conceived? Nor can it be answered by pointing to what Christendom has since produced, for there was no sign of improvement until Arabian science flashed its light upon the darkness of Europe. Even then the Church intercepted its rays as far as possible, and she might have succeeded in restoring the old darkness had it not been for the Renaissance, which was simply the revelation of the classic art, literature, and philosophy of Greece and Rome, and the political reconstruction of Europe, which, by inducing quarrels between princes and popes, led to the so-called Reformation.

Since the Reformation the progress of Europe has been wonderful, but it has not been inspired by Christianity. The leading minds in every branch of intellectual activity have been accounted heretics by their own generation, and the nearer we approach to our own day the more distinct is the line of separation between the Churches and the great discoverers and thinkers. It is now impossible to give an accurate list of the chief scientists and writers in Christendom without including three sceptics for every believer.

But while the progressive movement is wholly inspired by scepticism, and mainly conducted by Freethinkers, the government, that is, the organized forces of society, is in the hands of orthodoxy, which rules in our legislative halls, our courts of justice, our universities, our schools, and in every department of the public service. Obviously, therefore, it is orthodoxy that must bear the responsibility for the chronic evils and the low tone of society. Let us look into these phenomena and see what that responsibility amounts to.

What has the Gospel of Peace brought us to? Europe has now more than ten times as many soldiers as sufficed to preserve the peace and integrity of the Roman Empire when it was surrounded by hostile and predatory barbarians. Europe is, in fact, an armed camp, not for the repulsion of barbarians, but for internecine war among Christian states. After eighteen centuries of the Gospel of peace, Christendom is darkened by the shadow of the sword, and the highest honors are paid to successful generals who are skilled in the art of slaughter. Treating man as a spiritual instead of a material entity, Christianity has no remedy for the vices it perfunctorily reprobates. Drunkenness is not diminished by sermons, nor are the grosser forms of vice lessened by unctuous texts, while families crowd in single rooms, while filth breeds fever, and promiscuous herding destroys modesty and self-respect. Not by futile appeals to the will, but by wise political and social changes, can this state of things be altered. Christianity

wastes its breath in preaching "righteousness," while Freethought strives for practical reform.

Hypocrisy, which is one of the meanest vices, is essentially a Christian product. Orthodox travellers tell us that they find very little of it in the heathen world, but when they return to Christendom they find it circulating in the very atmosphere. The reason of this melancholy fact is not remote. The evil is entirely due to the exaltation of belief over conduct, and the erection of false and impossible standards which are openly revered and privately neglected. Theophrastus gives us one Character of a Hypocrite, and not a particularly offensive one. The literature of Christendom gives us scores of the most disgusting type.

The benefits of Christianity appear in the apologies of its professional champions, its evils are written large on the pages of impartial history. What real good has it ever achieved? Deny it the right to appropriate all the improvement of the secular intellect and the natural growth of humanity, and how much has it to boast of its own? But the miseries it has inflicted on mankind are appalling in their magnitude and number. It has shed oceans of blood, and bitter tears have rolled from myriads of eyes under its iron tyranny. It closed every thinker's lips. It kept men in darkness and slavery. It made men bow at the foot of the altar and the throne. It preached poverty to the poor and took its share of the wealth of the rich. It invented the rack, the thumbscrew, and the wheel. It illustrated its love of man with the flames of a thousand stakes. It has been a curse rather than a blessing. And its star of Bethlehem was not the herald of a glad new day, but the portent of a long and dismal and disastrous night.

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#### CHRISTMAS.

The Rev. Albert Barnes, in his comments on Luke 2:8, says: "It is also a fact that the Jews sent out their flocks into the mountainous and desert regions during the summer months, and took them up in the latter part of October or the first of November, when the cold weather commenced. While away in these desert and mountainous regions, it was proper that there should be some one to attend them, to keep them from straying and from the ravages of wolves and other wild beasts. It is clear from this that our Savior was born before the 25th of December, or before what we call Christmas. At that time it was cold, and especially in the high and mountainous regions about Bethlehem. God has concealed the time of his birth. There is no way to ascertain it. By different learned men it has been fixed at each month in the year."

## THE STORY OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

BY E. W. L.

## XVIII.

THE province of Nepal hugs the Himalayas and is to the east of Oude. Rajah Jung Bahadoor of Nepal made a friendly offer of six regiments to the British Government. The regiments were to occupy Allahabad or Benares. The Government, not unnaturally, was inclined to be suspicious: the cities named were of far too great importance to run any risks with regard to them. Havelock had grave doubts on the matter; he suggested that the men of the Nepaulese troops sent to our assistance should place their families as hostages in the hands of the British. At length an expedient was thought of which could give little offence to the Rajah, and yet, should suspicions be justified by subsequent events, would do little damage to British interests: the Nepaulese troops were asked to defend Gurruckpore. This was acting prudently; but, of course, some were found who blamed Lord Canning for not accepting loyally the Bahadoor's offer.

Patna, the capital of Behar (south of Nepal), is a city of 170,000 inhabitants. Ten miles west of Patna is Dinapore. A brigade, formed of the 10th Foot, the 7th, 8th, and 40th B.N.I., and a company of European and a company of native artillery, was stationed at Dinapore, under the command of General Lloyd, 70 years old and a firm believer in Sepoy fidelity. Not only were there signs of mutiny in the district, but a revolt had actually broken out in Patna. In July an incipient mutiny was nipped in the bud by Mr. Taylor, of the Civil Service, and several conspirators were hanged. Then the Mahomedans broke out; but Mr. Taylor, summoning Rattray's Sikhs to his aid, quelled the uprising on the spot. But General Lloyd's calm serenity was not disturbed. Representations were made to Lord Canning of the fears entertained as to the fidelity of the native force at Dinapore; but Lord Canning referred the question to General Lloyd, and the General believed in his Sepoys. The native troops were not disarmed, but a curious expedient was resorted to when the General was finally goaded into action. The 10th Foot was ordered to take away the Sepoys' percussion caps! This was done on the 25th of July. The caps were placed in safety, and the satisfied General went on board a steamer to lunch with some friends. His sweet confidence was rudely shaken: musket shots were heard. When asked for the caps in their pouches, the mutineers fired upon the Europeans. A volley from the 10th, however, dispersed them, and the majority of them escaped across the Soane into Arrah. Here Kour Singh, a wealthy man and one who had for years expressed the greatest friendship for the Government, supplied them with boats, and constituted himself their leader. Kour's plan was

simple. There was no one, as he thought, to oppose them ; they would seize the treasure-chest at Arrah, and then, crossing the Ganges, join the Oude mutineers. But there was a slip between Kour's lip and the *chest* he intended to drain.

In June, all the Europeans in Arrah, except eight brave men, took up their quarters in Dinapore. Mr. Boyle, a railway engineer, had built him a two-storied house ; it was meant for billiard-tables, and was not a residence. This house the eight Europeans fortified to the best of their ability, storing it with biscuits, water, rice and other grain. Sandbags were piled around the house, loopholes being left. A wonderful piece of luck befell Boyle and his party : fifty Sikhs came in to take the treasure-chest to Patna, and, seeing the state of affairs, they remained. On July 25th, Mr. Boyle heard of the Dinapore rising ; he and his seven companions, with the fifty Sikhs, six Eurasians, and one native gentleman, bricked themselves up in the two-storied building. On July 26th they were attacked by the mutineers, Kour Singh's people, and all the rabble that could be collected. Had this multitude simply sat on the building, it would have given way and its inmates been smothered. But they began a regular siege, and kept it up day and night. Water running short, a well was dug ; the mutineers mined, the besieged, seizing tools from their opponents, countermined. The Sepoy guns made breaches in the walls ; at night the breaches were repaired. The Sepoys offered terms, promising safety ; the besieged laughed at them.

A detachment of 400, sent from Dinapore to the relief of the little party, fell into an ambuscade at night and was nearly cut to pieces. Of the 400, fifty only escaped wounds ; and of fifteen officers, three, alone remained uninjured. The relieving force retired, pursued by the Sepoys. A Sikh brought in the news of this disaster ; but Mr. Boyle and his party did not despair.

An officer of artillery, Vincent Eyre, was steaming up the Ganges. He commanded a small force and three guns. On July 28th, at Ghazee pore, he heard of Mr. Boyle and his brave companions. He was offered and accepted the aid of twenty-five Highlanders. This raised his command to sixty men—sixty men against a host ! Not for a moment did he hesitate ; Boyle must be helped. Steam was put on, and the boat, turning down stream, arrived at Buxar on the 30th July. Eyre here found 150 men of the 5th Foot. These he requisitioned, sending back to Ghazee pore the twenty-five Highlanders who had volunteered there. Volunteers from the Stud and Railway departments raised his force to 200 men. On the 1st of August, with these men and two guns, he started for the beleaguered house. The first night this force marched twenty-eight miles, rather more than half the distance it had to traverse. News of the defeat of the 400 here reached him. Undiscouraged, he resumed his march early in the morning. The roads were bad ; bridges had to be repaired ; nevertheless, the force came within nine miles of the besieged house. The Sepoys had overlooked

a bridge at this spot ; Eyre crossed this bridge on the morning of August 3rd, and continued his march.

The besiegers had heard of Eyre's approach, and, leaving a small detachment to worry the garrison, went off to check Eyre's advance. The forces soon met. The Sepoys had chosen a position, but, being attacked, they fell back to a spot they had intrenched. A bridge over a river in this place had been destroyed ; but Eyre found that a railway embankment crossed the stream higher up, and made for this embankment. The Sepoys knew what this meant, and hurried to occupy a wood which commanded the approach to the embankment. Eyre, in his turn, saw through their design and hastened to frustrate it. Then it was a neck-and-neck race, but the Sepoys got into the wood before Eyre could cross the embankment. In face of their firing, Eyre got his two guns into position and tried hard to shell the Sepoys out of the wood. Not succeeding in this, he ordered the infantry to charge. Captain L'Estrange commanded the charge ; and though the little force had to pass under a galling fire for nearly a quarter of a mile before they could use their bayonets, the Sepoys were defeated. Eyre, with 200 men, had defeated a force of 2,500 !

That night, a sentry on duty at the little two-storied building heard an English voice : " Friends, don't fire ! good news ! " The sentry called out in the usual manner : " Halt, friends ! Advance one and give the news ! " This was done, and amid shouts of joy and laughter the friends were admitted. At once a detachment sallied forth ; they were not the men to stand idly by while others were fighting for them. The mutineers had planned a surprise for the relieving party in the shape of a mine, but the burning match was discovered and extinguished ; and then Eyre and his men came up, and were welcomed with wild delight.

Then Eyre heard that the mutineers had mustered at Judgespore, where lived the wealthy, plotting Kour Singh. Eyre sent to Dinapore for reinforcements, stating his intention of marching on to Judgespore. A detachment of the 10th Foot marched into Arrah, and with these and the men of the 5th Fusiliers Eyre set out for Judgespore. They encountered the mutineers in the jungle ; routed them, and then pounced down upon Judgespore. Victorious again, they burnt Kour Singh's beautiful residence and reduced Judgespore to ashes.

The mutiny, kindled at Dinapore, flamed forth in all the neighboring country. The 12th Irregulars set the next example by beheading Major Holmes and his wife. Mutineers at Hazareebagh burnt all the European houses ; the Europeans seeking shelter wherever it could be found. Murder, pillage, and fires raged in every direction. Kour Singh was an active agent for evil. He incited the Sepoys to revolt, and re-organized the shattered remains of defeated regiments.

And this trouble in and around Dinapore, due directly to General Lloyd's supineness and his belief in Sepoy fidelity, forced General Havelock to delay his march to Lucknow. The reinforcements from Dinapore which had been promised to Havelock could not be sent to him.

*(To be continued.)*

## KITCHENER'S SCHOOL AT KHARTOUM.

[Being a translation of a song made by a Mahommedan schoolmaster of the — Bengal Infantry, some time on service at Suakim, when he heard that the Sirdar was taking money from the English to build a Madrissa for Hubshees—a College for the Soudanese—at Khartoum.]

OH, Hubshee ! carry your shoes in your hand and bow your head on your breast !  
 This is the message of Kitchener, who did not break you in jest  
 It was permitted to him to fulfil the long-appointed years,  
 Reaching the end ordained of old over your dead Emirs.  
 He stamped only before your walls, and the Tomb ye knew was dust ;  
 He gathered up under his armpits all the swords of your trust ;  
 He set a guard on your granaries, securing the weak from the strong ;  
 He said : " Go work the waterwheels that were abolished so long."  
 He said : " Go safely, being abased ; I have accomplished my vow."  
 That was the mercy of Kitchener. Cometh his madness now !  
 He does not desire as ye desire, nor devise as ye devise :  
 He is preparing a second host— an army to make you wise.  
 Not at the mouth of his clean-lipped guns shall ye learn his name again,  
 But letter by letter, and many letters, at the mouth of his chosen men.  
 He has gone back to his own city, not seeking presents or bribes,  
 But openly asking the English for money to buy you hakims and scribes.  
 Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no right to live,  
 He begs for money to bring you learning—and all the English give.  
 It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are their hearts inclined,  
 For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind !  
 They do not consider the Meaning of Things ; they consult not creed or clan.  
 Behold ! they slap the slave on the back, and behold ! he becometh a man !  
 They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool,  
 They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school !  
 How is this reason (which is their reason) : to judge a scholar's worth  
 By casting a ball at three straight sticks and defending the same with a fourth !  
 But this they do (with, doubtless, a spell), and other matters more strange,  
 Until, by the operation of years, the hearts of their scholars change ;  
 Till these make come and go great boats or engines upon the rail ;  
 (But always the English watch near by, to prop them when they fail) ;  
 Till these make laws of their own choice, and Judges of their own blood ;  
 And all the mad English obey the Judges, and say that the law is good.  
 Certainly they were mad from of old ; but I think one new thing :  
 That the magic whereby they work their magic, wherefrom their fortunes spring,  
 May be that they show all people their magic, and ask no price in return.  
 Wherefore, since ye are bond to that magic, O Hubshee, make haste and learn !  
 Certainly also is Kitchener mad. But one sure thing I know :  
 If he who broke you be minded to teach you, to his Madrissa go !  
 Go, and carry your shoes in your hand, and bow your head on your breast,  
 For he who did not slay you in sport, he will not teach you in jest.

RUDYARD KIPLING.